Now afore God this holy reverend Frier,
All our whole City is much bound to him.
Jul. Nurſe, will you goe with me into my cloſet,
To helpe me ſort ſuch needfull ornaments
As you thinke fit to furniſh me to morrow?
Mo. No, not till thurſday; there is time enough.
Fa. Go Nurſe, goe with her, wee'll to Church to morrow.
Exeunt.

Mo. We ſhall be ſhort in our proviſion,
'Tis now neare night.
Fa. Tuſh, I will ſtirre about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee wife.
Goe thou to *Juliet*, helpe to decke up her:
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone,
Ile play the huſwife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth: well, I will walke my ſelfe
To County *Paris*, to prepare up him
Againſt to morrow; my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame wayward girle is ſo reclaim'd.
Exeunt.

Enter Juliet *and Nurſe.*

Jul. I, thoſe attires are beſt: but gentle Nurſe
I pray thee leave me to my ſelfe to night,
For I have need of many Oriſons,
To move the heavens to ſmile upon my ſtate,
Which well thou know'ſt is croſſe and full of ſinne.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you buſie ho? need you my help?
Jul. No Madam, we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoovefull for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurſe this night ſit up with you,
For I am ſure you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſſe.
Mo. Goodnight,
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need.
Exeunt.

Jul.